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ROYAL LONDON

ÆOLIAN HALL, NEW BOND STREET, W.

The Society of Women Musicians

CONCERT

In honour of the visit of the President,

MADAME

CHAMINADE

Tuesday Evening, 30th June, 1914

At 8-30.

Programme and Words of Songs, Price 6d. - -

The Society of Women Musicians

Was founded in 1911 in order to provide a centre where Women Musicians could meet and discuss musical matters; to give Members the benefit of advice, if desired, in their professional careers; to encourage serious composition among women; and to promote the interests of women in Music generally.

The Society, being affiliated to the Women's Institute, has the use of the Institute's premises at 92, Victoria Street, S.W., and Members are entitled to all the privileges of the Institute.

The subscription, payable in January or July, is 15*s.* 6*d.* per annum for Professional Members, and £1 6*s.* 0*d.* for Non-Professional. Men Musicians are admitted as Associates, at a subscription of 5*s.* a year.

The Annual Report and all particulars of the Society's activities may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 92, Victoria Street, S.W.

First President, 1911-12: Madame LIZA LEHMANN.

President, 1912-13: Miss EMILY R. DAYMOND, *Mus. Doc.*

President, 1913-14: Madame CÉCILE C. CHAMINADE.

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Programme and Words of Songs.

2ME TRIO pour Piano, Violon et Violoncelle, A min., Op. 34—
Chaminade.

1. Allegro moderato.
2. Lento.
3. Allegro energico.

THE COMPOSER. MDME. BEATRICE LANGLEY.
MISS MAY MUKLE.

SONGS OF THE EARL OF SURREY—

a. "Rue on my Life ...
(Suit to his Lady to rue on his dying Heart)
b. "Lover's Chess" ...
(To the Lady that scorned her Lover)
Marion M. Scott.

(First public performance)

MR. ERNEST GROOM (*Associate S.W.M.*)
(Accompanied by MISS ETHEL ATTWOOD.)

a. The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness ;
Once have the winds the trees despoiléd clean,
And once again begins their cruelness ;
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.

The winter's hurt recovers with the warm ;
The parchéd green restoréd is with shade ;
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made ?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade ?

Alas ! I see no thing hath hurt so sore
But Time, in time, reduceth a return :
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
For I, alas ! in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green,
Rue on my life ; or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517-47)

b. Although I had a check,
To give the mate is hard ;
For I have found a neck,*
To keep my men in guard,
And you that hardy are,
To give so great assay
Unto a man of war,
To drive his men away.

I rede† you take good heed,
And mark this foolish verse ;
For I will so provide,
That I will have your ferse‡.
And when your ferse is had,
And all your war is done ;
Then shall yourself be glad
To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win
Your person in the field
Too late then come you in
Yourself to me to yield.
For I will use my power,
As captain full of might ;
And such I will devour,
As use to show me spite.

And for because you gave
Me check in such degree ;
This vantage, lo ! I have,
Now check and guard to thee,
Defend it if you may ;
Stand stiff in thine estate :
For sure I will assay,
If I can give thee mate.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517-47).

* Neck—*Nook.* † Rede—*Advise.* ‡ Ferse—*The Queen at chess.*

MADAME CHAMINADE much regrets that a prolonged attack of rheumatism in the right hand prevents her from performing the solos which she intended. Instead of this item, therefore, she will perform, with the kind assistance of MADAME ALMA HAAS,

INTERMÈDE
PAS DES CYMBALES
} Orchestral pieces transcribed for Two Pianos.

English Version.

a. Seul, je m'avance dans l'allée
D'émeraude et d'or à la fois,
Octobre dépouille le bois,
Les feuilles prennent leur volée,
Et couvrent les bancs vermoulus,
Où personne ne m'attend plus.

Seul, je m'avance dans l'allée
D'émeraude et d'or à la fois.
L'été passé combien de fois
L'avons nous lentement foulée,
Frissonnant du même embarras,
Que nos pudeurs ne disaient pas.

Seul, je m'avance dans l'allée
D'émeraude et d'or à la fois,
Que n'est-elle comme autrefois,
Indifférente ou bien troublée,
L'ombre chère sur mon chemin,
Pour m'offrir simplement la main.

Robert Myriel.

Lonely, I wander day by day,
In the grove of em'rald and gold,
The Autumn with blast rude and cold,
Has blown the leaves about the way,
And covered the mouldering seat,
Where my love and I would meet.

Lonely, I watch the dying year,
In the grove of em'rald and gold,
How often in the days of old,
Have we roamed together here,
While our tell-tale eyes would betray
What we had never dared to say.

Lonely, I wander in my pain,
In the grove of em'rald and gold,
Ev'ry shadow seems to hold,
The face of her I seek in vain,
O my love, why art thou not nigh,
Waiting here as in days gone by ?

R. H. Elkin.

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PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... *a.* Romance en Ré
b. Etude humoristique } ... *Chaminade.*
c. 3me Valse ...

THE COMPOSER.

SONGS ... *a.* L'allée d'émeraude et d'or
b. Bonne Humeur } ... *Chaminade.*

MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.
(Acompanied by THE COMPOSER.)

a. Seul, je m'avance dans l'allée
D'émeraude et d'or à la fois,
Octobre dépouille le bois,
Les feuilles prennent leur volée,
Et couvrent les bancs vermoulus,
Où personne ne m'attend plus.

Seul, je m'avance dans l'allée
D'émeraude et d'or à la fois.
L'été passé combien de fois
L'avons nous lentement foulée,
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Robert Myriel.

English Version.

Lonely, I wander day by day,
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Has blown the leaves about the way,
And covered the mouldering seat,
Where my love and I would meet.

Lonely, I watch the dying year,
In the grove of em'rald and gold,
How often in the days of old,
Have we roamed together here,
While our tell-tale eyes would betray
What we had never dared to say.

Lonely, I wander in my pain,
In the grove of em'rald and gold,
Ev'ry shadow seems to hold,
The face of her I seek in vain,
O my love, why art thou not nigh,
Waiting here as in days gone by ?

R. H. Elkin.

English Version.

b. Nous marchions sous la fine pluie ;
Le ciel était couleur de suie,
Le vent soufflait ;
Le bois semblait toucher la nue,
Et sa carcasse maigre et nue,
De froid tremblait.

Affrontant gaiement la tempête,
Hâtant le pas, baissant la tête,
Ninon chantait ;
Et parfois sur notre passage
Un oiseau dans son clair langage
Lui répondait.

L'air piquant animait sa joue ;
Tout en clapotant dans la boue
Elle sourit ;
En dépit de l'hiver morose,
Nous gardons au coeur une rose,
Qui refleurit.

G. Mesurier.

As we wandered on our way,
The skies above were cold and grey,
The moaning wind around
Upon its lonely errand fled,
And shivered where the leaves lay dead
Upon the ground.

Ne'er a thought we gave to weather,
As hand in hand we strayed together
Ninon's sweet voice made echoes wake
In the woodlands as we went along,
And a bird softly answered her song
From the brake.

Eyes a-dance and cheeks like a rose,
Heart a-fire to laugh at the snows ;
Despite the way, Ninon was gay !
So we laughed at gloomy care,
What though woodland trees were bare ?
Earth grew heaven with Ninon there.

Hilda Hammond Spencer.

BALLADE, from 'Cello Sonata in C Minor ... *Katharine Eggar.*

MISS MAY MUKLE. THE COMPOSER.

SONGS ... *a.* Viatique ... *b.* Reste ... *c.* Amour Invisible } ... *Chaminade*

MR. ERNEST GROOM.

(Accompanied by THE COMPOSER.)

a. Si vous voulez chanter, il faut croire d'abord :
Croire au Dieu qui créa le mond et l'harmonie,
Qui d'un de ses rayons allume le génie,
Et se révèle à lui dans le plus humble accord.
Si vous voulez chanter, il faut croire d'abord !

Si vous voulez combattre, il faut croire d'abord ;
Il faut que le lutteur affirme la justice ;
Il faut, pour le devoir, qu'il s'offre au sacrifice,
Et qu'il soit le plus pur, s'il n'est pas le plus fort.
Si vous voulez combattre, il faut croire d'abord !

Si vous voulez aimer, il faut croire d'abord :
Croire à l'âme immortelle, aux amours infinies
De la terre et du ciel, également bénies ;
Croire au serment sacré qui survit à la mort.
Si vous voulez aimer, il faut croire d'abord !

b. Reste, reste près de moi
Sans souci de l'heure,
Et sans vain émoi
Mes lèvres tairont l'aveu qui t'épeure.

Reste, reste à mon côté,
Reste, rieuse et mutine,
Ta folle gaîté
Calmera mon cœur qui bat en sourdine.

Reste, je suis tien
Dans la brève extase,
Et n'implore rien
Que l'humble bonheur de t'aimer sans phrase.

Robert Myriel.

c. Comme une torche qui calcine,
L'amour entra dans ma poitrine,
Un soir de Mai.
C'est la brûlure qui m'oppresse
Depuis l'instant de folle ivresse
Où je l'aimai !

Les oiselles font leur pillage
Allant tresser dans le feuillage
Des nids nouveaux ;
Moi, qui les envie en silence,
Je reprends avec indolence
Mes lourds travaux.

Dos courbé, je poursuis ma route,
Et nul près de moi ne se doute
De ma douleur.
Or, puisque nul ne voit la flamme
Qui rougit le brasier d'une âme
D'un feu vainquer.

Demeure en mon sein torturé,
Amour ardent, amour sacré
Au rouge émoi !
Amour, qui donnas à ma vie
La fièvre que toute âme envie,
Demeure en moi!

Charles de Bussy.

SONGS ... *a.* "With Courage" ... ... *I. Hearne*
b. Summer Evening Song ... *"Lewis Carey"* (*Lucie Johnstone*)
c. A Reverie ... *Mabel Saumarez Smith*
(Accompanied by MR. REGINALD CLARKE, *Associate S. W. M.*)
d. Rose of the Morning ... *Bluebell Klean*
(Accompanied by THE COMPOSER.)

Members S. W. M.

MDME. ADA CROSSLEY.

a. With courage seek the kingdom of the dead,
The path before you lies. It is not hard to find nor tread.
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread,
But broad and straight and even still,
And ever gently slopes down-hill.
You cannot miss it though you shut your eyes.

Trans.—C. Merivale.

b. Bees are droning a drowsy song,
Birds are falling asleep,
Shepherds are folding quiet flocks ;
Shepherds and stars and sheep.

Dews are dropping on weary eyes,
Stars in the silence peep,
Leaves are whisp'ring lullabies ;
Shepherds and stars and sheep.

Dusk is drawing her curtain close,
Slumber is calm and deep,
Footsteps of coming dreams steal by ;
Shepherds and stars and sheep.

Whisper—wisht ! for the children rest,
Lambs and birds are asleep,
Cushat-chat cooed a last soft note ;
Shepherds and stars and sheep.

Bees are droning a drowsy song,
Flow'rs are falling asleep,
Shepherds are folding quiet flocks ;
Shepherds and stars and sheep.

Norah Ure Mackinlay.

d. Rose of the morning, wherefore are you sighing,
Since all the world is warm for love of you ?
See how the clouds their bannerettes are flying
White in your honour, against a sky of blue.

Rose of the morning, youth is very fleeting ;
Born of the sunshine, nurtured by the dew,
Life at the best is but a moment's greeting,
So for this little while, sweet, love me, do !

Robert Mortimer.

DUO POUR DEUX PIANOS ... Valse Carnavalesque ... *Chaminade.*

THE COMPOSER. MDME. ALMA HAAS.

ERARD GRAND PIANOFORTES.

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22a, North Audley Street.

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